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Paradise



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Chapter 1 by Maxwell

Jackson looked around his surroundings. He was surrounded by his bullies. The ones that made fun of his bulky sweaters or fluffy wolf hat. Those that stared at him as he ran the field with his friend Alex, or as he read all the books he could. He was surrounded by them.

But they were dead.

He heard the bombs. He had run while they made fun of the alarms that hadn't rung for fifty years and for him as he ran with some other students to the shelter.

Now, there was rubble everywhere. The city was destroyed. At least, the inner core was.

Wait.

Jackson only had three family members he knew of. His grandmother lived up North. But she wasn't the one he was worried about. His Mum and little brother lived in the core, and were at home today.

Looking around him, people emerged. A teacher tried holding up his cell phone.

"Good luck with that." Someone said.

Alex climbed out of the basement, hauling the other three from their group, Sam, Greg and Harry, behind her.

"Well, considering all our parents are either non-existent or dead, let's go find your Mum and

Brother and see if we can't find them."

"Okay," said Jackson. "I'm not going to be scared."

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Used to know who I was, but now I'm lost.

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